THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 4810. *Thursday, May* 18, 1837. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

By the prohibition of the Lord Chamberlain the public has been disappointed of witnessing an Italian Opera, performed here with the Lyric Queen, Pasta, as the *prima donna,* and none but those who have seen that extraordinary woman can be aware how, in the harmony of genius, her singing, wonderful as it is, is aided by the grandeur and passion of her acting. To compensate as far as the law will allow for this disappointment the lessee gave last night a concert, in which Pasta sang several of her favorite morceaux, among others "Ombra Adorata," from *Romeo e Guilietta* and "Di tanti palpiti," from *Tancredi.* It is now three years since we heard Pasta, but we are happy to say her noble voice retains all its power and richness, and her execution is as brilliant as ever; she was immensely applauded and encored in the duet "Mille sospiri" with Madame Giannone. Signor Anglois played a concerto on the contra basso with the most brilliant success; he is a perfect wonder and elicited as much enthusiasm as Paganini. *Ways and Means* preceded, and *Valentine and Orson* followed the concert.—The house was fully and fashionably attended.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The new Play of *Walter Tyrrell* was repeated here last night with great applause; it was followed by *George Barnwell,* and *The Modern Orpheus.* We understand that Mr. Fitzball, who has long been celebrated as a clever playwright, is the author of *Walter Tyrrell,* and by it he has certainly achieved a higher fame than that which any of his previous works had earned him. As we remarked yesterday, some of the passages in the Play are of a highly poetical character, but the dialogue is unequal, and there is a too evident straining at metaphors. We subjoin the following passage, when *Editha,* sick at heart with the gay revelry of the Court, thus expresses herself:

"Give me no titles, honors I despise!
At least such honors as attend me here.
The lightning of these jewels blinds my senses;
A peasant maid should be a peasant's mate;
In gilded courts she's but a spot i' th' sun.
I feel, I know, too late my wretchedness;
For O! this heart was never formed to glow
With dreams of grandeur; titles charm not me,
Saving the joyous one of May Queen!—that
Indeed I own was my delight!—my throne
A hawthorn bower, my sceptre radiant
Of new plucked cowslips, gemm'd with morning dew,
Such smiling subjects! sweet remembrance! mine
Was a happy reign; I weep to think on't."

E. & J. THOMAS, Printers, 6, Exeter Street, Strand.

OLYMPIC.—Yesterday evening Liston re-appeared on these boards as *Champignon*, in Planche's new Burletta, and kept his audience in a continuous state of laughter; the public we think are not aware that this son of Momus takes his final leave of the stage on the 31st instant, if so surely this Theatre, were it ten times the size, would not contain those who would be anxious to see his last appearances. It is extraordinary that Vestris does not announce it in her bills.

On Monday next, a Masquerade will be given at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to commemorate the majority of the Princess Victoria, on a scale of extraordinary splendour. All the arrangements have been made by a committee of gentlemen with a view to render this entertainment the most complete thing of the kind which has ever been given, indeed nothing like it has been attempted since the grand *fête* at Burlington House. The rooms are admirably calculated for such a *fête*, and all that liberality can effect will be done to decorate them. Weippert's bands are engaged, and the supper and wines will be of the first order. This *fête* will form an epoch in the history of Masquerades, recalling the glories of the Venetian Carnival.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of the Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon—but will you excuse me—I have to mention that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town After witnessing the Adelphi performances, I drop into White's celebrated Cigar *Depot*, 415, Strand, from which place I address you—fill my box with exquisite snuff!—choose a real Havannah!—delightful lounge, and choice company—advise all my friends to go.

On Monday, visit *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, 10, Old Bond Street,—most splendid place—completely rebuilt since the late calamitous fire—thronged by the *élite* of society, who all seem eager to patronise and encourage this Emporium of fashion, taste, & economy.—Pop in by the private entrance, 14, Burlington Arcade.

Tuesday, I am to be found at the DIORAMA, Regent's Park, where there is a new and splendid view of the *Basilica of St. Paul*, near Rome—the transition of the building from its perfect state to that of its desolation by fire, is both beautiful and astonishing. The other view, the *Village of Alagna*, destroyed by an avalanche, with all its beauties of light and shade, is quite a *chef d'œuvre*.

Afterwards escorted Mrs. P. to the COLOSSEUM,—visited the Conservatories—Fountains—Caverns—Views of Stupendous London, and other delightful and interesting Views.—The Optical Gallery—Wonders of the Microscope, and the new and unrivalled cabalastic feats of Mr. Sutton, the celebrated Magician.

Why is PERRING'S splendid Summer stock of Hats, like celebrated performers?—because they are waterproof like Reeve—elegant like Vestris—durable as Braham—& light as the step of Taglioni! They are as cheap as the Boxes at reduced prices, & as well known as the finest *Opera*, for PERRING *Caps* them all.

Wednesday, attend a large party of fashionables to MADAME TUSSAUD'S interesting Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon, Baker Street, Portman Square—saw the new additions, correct likenesses of Lord Eldon, Oliver Cromwell, the late lamented Malibran, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria, Lord Hill, &c. &c.

The Exhibition of *British Artists*, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is again open, attracting numerous visitors with elegant specimens of native talent.—Many *chef-d'œuvres* of art, equal to some of the best of the Ancient and Modern Masters—excellent Portraits and Brilliant Landscapes.—Admission One Shilling.

Called on friend EVANS at his Hotel, Piazza, Covent Garden, to visit his splendid Coffee Room, had an excellent coffee-room dinner for 2s. After my refreshment popt into the Harmonic Meeting held down stairs as usual, so pleased stayed there a week, for which I only paid a Guinea for bed & breakfast, by the-bye *an excellent Table d'Hote every Wednesday & Saturday at half-past 5.*

On Saturday, I examine *Miss Lindwood's* curious Needle-Work, Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.—But I intrude—beg pardon—Your's &c.—PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Miss H. FAUCIT'S NIGHT.

This Evening, Shakspeare's Play of

CYMBELINE

King of Britain.

Guiderius,.....Mr J. WEBSTER,
Cymbeline, Mr DALE,
Arviragus,.....Mr WORRELL,
Cloten, (for this night only) Mr W. FARREN,
Bellarius .....Mr G. BENNETT,
Pisanio, Mr PRITCHARD
Posthumus .....Mr MACREADY,
Caius Lucius, Mr THOMPSON,
Philario, Mr HARRIS, Madan, Mr BENDER,
Iachimo, Mr ELTON,
Varus, Mr RAY, Cornelius, Mr HUCKEL,
Locrine, Mr COLLETT,
Lewis, Mr BECKETT, Officer, Mr PAULO,
Imogen, Miss HELEN FAUCIT,
(Her First Appearance in that Character)
Queen, Mrs W. WEST, Helen, Miss LEE.

"TheOld English Gentleman," byMrW.FARREN.
"The Road! the Road!" by Mr COLLINS.
"The Wolf!" in Character, by Mr RANSFORD.

After which, the Interlude, called

ADay after the Wedding

Colonel Freelove, Mr PRITCHARD,
LordRivers, MrJ.WEBSTER, James,MrTILBURY,
John, Mr COLLETT,
Lady Elizabeth Freelove, Miss H. FAUCIT,
Mrs Davies, Mrs GARRICK.

To conclude with, (by permission of Alfred Bunn, Esq.) the Farce of

TAM O'SHANTER

Tam o'Shanter, Mr W. FARREN,
In which Character he will sing, '*Green Grow the Rushes O!*
Souter Johnnie, Mr TILBURY.
Roderick, MrJ.WEBSTER, David,MrWEBSTER,
Dame Shanter, Mrs GARRICK,
Jeannie, Miss LEE, Maggie, Miss VINCENT,
Mrs Macklewee, Miss NICHOLSON.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Farce of

DEAF AS A POST.

Captain Templeton, Mr COOPER,
Tristram Sappy, ...Mr MEADOWS,
Old Walton, Mr SHUTER,
Crupper, Mr HUGHES, Gallop, Mr HONNER,
Sophia Walton, Mrs EAST,
Amy Templeton.....Miss LEE,
Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. JONES,
Sally Maggs.....Mrs HUMBY.

After which, the celebrated Ballet Opera of The

Maid of Cashmere.

The Unknown, Mr WILSON,
Olifour, Mr SEGUIN, Tchop-Dar, Mr HENRY,
Chief of the Guards, Mr S. JONES,
Leila, Miss BETTS, Zilia, Mrs EAST,
Zelica, (the Maid of Cashmere) Mademoiselle TAGLIONI.
Fatima, (her Companion) Madame PAUL TAGLIONI.

PAS DE TROIS

Mons. P. TAGLIONI, Madame P. GIUBILEI & Miss BALLIN.

The Shawl Dance!

By Mademoiselle TAGLIONI, *the Coryphees, and the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.*

A PAS SEUL, by Madame P. TAGLIONI.

A PAS SEUL, by Mademoiselle TAGLIONI.

PAS DE DEUX

Mademoiselle TAGLIONI. and Madame P. TAGLIONI,

To conclude with the Comic Opera of

JOHN OF PARIS.

John of Paris, Mr COOPER,
Pedrigo Potts.....Mr MEADOWS,
Grand Chamberlain, Mr BEDFORD,
Theodore.....Mr HENRY,
Gregory, Mr T. MATTHEWS,
Philip.....Mr S. JONES,
Princess of Navarre.....Miss BETTS,
Olivia, Miss TAYLOR. Rose, Miss POOLE.

To-morrow, Fidelio, and The Slave.

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